

# Good Morning 177

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## A PUB WHERE THEY THROW YOU OUT

MAYBE you like attention from waiters—but at Bud and Luke's restaurant in Toledo, U.S.A., the patrons pay to be insulted!

The waiters wear hats while working, and sometimes take off their braces to snap back catapult-fashion at snappy customers. Sometimes they pour soup over the diners. Sometimes they fling custard-pies at one another—and at their patrons. The menu is headed with the words:—

**"WE DON'T SERVE LOBSTERS HERE, BUT WE CATER FOR EVERYONE ELSE."**

A famous public man strolled in there the other day. "What'll you have?" a waiter asked. As soon as he showed hesitation the waiter yelled out at the top of his voice, "So you're not going to order, eh? Hey, fellows, this guy won't order. He doesn't like the place—"

The next second all the waiters in the place had swept the unfortunate visitor off his feet, rushed him across the restaurant and hurled him on the pavement.

The other diners roared with delight. That's what they were there for!

Things like this are happening at Bud and Luke's all the time. If you can have a crazy theatre, why not a crazy restaurant?

Bud and Luke are rushing to prosperity just because they've built their business on the policy of insulting customers. **THEY'RE ALL CRAZY.**

The waiters are specially selected for their perkiness and nerve. They're told from the start to break plates and throw the cutlery at the diners, just to add to the fun.

They smoke outsize cigars, shout as often as possible, and

sometimes sit down at table just to prove their equality.

If you're getting bald, they call you "Grandpa!" If you're completely bald they polish your head with a napkin. Careless eaters get a baby-bib tied round their necks.

Once they even cut off a customer's beard. The irate old chap sued, and Bud and Luke paid heavy damages—with a smile. It was all good for business!

If a waiter sees someone eating left-handedly, he yells to the others, "Hey, come an' look at this. Here's someone don't know how to eat yet—" It may make that customer blush at first, but the two hundred others roar with laughter. And presently the customer himself will grin from ear to ear. . . .

### ALL TO SUIT.

One day an important oil executive came in wearing a white summer suit. It's hot in Toledo, and they'll wear anything to keep cool, but his friends were in dark business clothes. Quick as thought, a waiter produced a broom and thrust it into the hands of the startled oil man.

Then he leapt on a chair and bellowed, "Walk up, folks! Walk up! Come and see a street-cleaner mixing with gentlemen—"

The oil magnate turned crimson, but the Bud-and-Luke idea of their customer's psychology appears to be sound. Next day he came back to laugh at jokes on other patrons.

He roared loudest when the waiters grabbed a customer just as he was leaving, and, from his pockets, seemed to produce salt-cellars, a cup and saucer and other table ware. "Fetch the police," they all shouted, "we've caught a thief—"

A well-known Englishman, noted for his plumpness and love of oysters, was once taken to Bud and Luke's Crazy Restaurant by his American host.

To his dismay, he found that the "best oysters" had been filled with a soapy gelatine mixture. When he complained, the waiters shouted "Poor old Fatty"—and led him away.

The guest did not see the funny side of this. But Bud and Luke didn't worry. They just went on playing tricks on their customers—and they are still finding it a profitable occupation.

Special jokes are sometimes arranged by people who 'phone Bud and Luke beforehand. "We're bringing someone along to-night," they say. "He's a swell guy. How can we fool him?" Bud and Luke always think of something.

### STIRRING THINGS UP.

Bud and Luke's real names are Eugene and Glenn Fowler. Eleven years ago they tried to pick up a living in Toledo as automobile salesmen. Things were quiet, so they opened a small restaurant on the side, acting as waiters themselves. They were so busy that customers had to be kept waiting.

The brothers covered up their bad service by fooling. They got to know that customers were coming back because they liked the friendly atmosphere, with the chance of a laugh now and then.

The kidding developed into the present fantastic buffoonery. Four years ago the two took over a larger place in the best part of the town. Across their window they placed a great sign, "Two Nuts Just Moved In."

Now they are serving 2,000 customers a day.

# In Buckinghamshire there are No Idle Acres To-day

By RONALD RICHARDS

THERE are few idle acres and fewer idle hands in Buckinghamshire to-day.

This old-world county, which gave up many of her sons to go to war four years ago, and then went back to slumber, has once again awakened, to get in line on the Home front.

The 1943 harvest is the greatest in the history of the county; village green and common land, cricket pitch and golf course, have all gone under the plough. Railway embankments, vicarage gardens and laundry yards have been reclaimed by the War Agricultural Executive Committee. If the owners are unable to grow food the committee does it for them. They supply the machinery, finance and labour.

THE county is controlled from Aylesbury. Twenty miles from this quaint little market town the only remaining common land is being cultivated.

There is no living memory of food ever having been grown on Newton Common; last year there were two hundred acres of dense undergrowth and bushes. This year there are one hundred acres of corn and one hundred acres of bush. Next year there will be two hundred acres of corn.

Giant grab machines are tearing up the bushes, and squads of labourers who have been brought from Ireland on six-month permits are burning the foliage and sawing up the trunks for fire logs.

The grazing cattle are being pushed back as the land is cultivated. Next year they will have to be eaten because there will be nowhere for them to tramp about.

At the far end of the common, the first harvest is being gathered. It is good, rich corn, and the Land Army girls, schoolboys, labour camp volunteers and Italians are driving tractors, stooking and getting sun-burned.

A squad of prisoners, under the supervision of one Pioneer Corps private, were trimming the hedges. As they cut the willow stems some schoolboys grabbed them and took them to a man who was making baskets from the stems and teaching the boys the art.

He has made a hundred baskets; some are in the local school, others in farm-houses, and others have been taken away by the typists, factory

## He's the King-Pin Now

girls and students who worked their holidays on the land.

At Pitchcott, which is a tiny cluster of farm-houses, supplied by one pub, one general store and one blacksmith's shop, stands the king-pin of industry.

He is Sam Kirk, the blacksmith. He is sixty, and has been a blacksmith for half a century. Thirty years ago he arrived at Pitchcott, and for twenty-six years he made horse-shoes and cart-wheel rims and pitchforks for local farmers. He still does that, but his main work now is making tractor parts and shoes for Army horses. (He has made forty thousand of these.)

Kirk covers a radius of ten

miles. Before the war he had a motor-car, but now he rides his bicycle to outlying camps and farms, carrying his tools in a little black bag, like the village doctor.

They are happy people, these Buckinghamshire farm workers. They are happy because they are saving shipping and saving lives—the lives of the men they think about when they dig and drive and stook and sweat.

People will not look forward to posterity who never look backward to their ancestors.

Edmund Burke (1729-1797).



## HERE'S SOME MORE HOME TOWN NEWS

### BIG SPLICE QUEUE.

SO many Servicemen are marrying in Brum that the Edmund Street Registrar's Office—the biggest in the Midlands—is now doing overtime.

On Friday nights the office is open until 8 p.m. instead of 4, and on Saturday mornings there are regular queues of couples waiting to be spliced.

### PAINTING THE TOWN.

WHEN the people of Durham City were going to work early one morning recently, they found quite a lot of the town painted white.

Names of shops had other words painted on the facades; for instance, the words "Puss In" was written just before "Boots."

### Hoodunit?

University students who had passed out—maybe in more than one sense—and were waiting to be called up.

### WELL SAVED, SAINTS!

PAYMASTER-LIEUTENANT ALEC WARNOCK, goalkeeper for the Southampton F.C., recently came across another "Saint"—well away from the familiar ground.

Some merchant seamen were picked up by the corvette on which Alec was serving. As the rescued men climbed aboard, Alec gave a helping hand to one of them—and two Saints had met in unusual surroundings.

It was Billy Bevis, former outside-right for the Saints, now a gunner in the M.N.

### ARMoured BLOODHOUNDS?

ONE old lady in Exeter was heard informing her friends that the Army were sending tanks full of blood round the country.

She had seen the publicity vans sent round during the Devon Blood Donors campaign—and thought the blood was in the petrol tank!

### MICE CAN'T SCARE HER!

MEET one woman who's not only not scared of mice, but breeds 'em.

She's Mrs. Cunningham, of Staffords Lane, Whitburn, Co. Durham, and sometimes the battalions of mice in her home amount to 700 strong.

Mrs. Cunningham has been in the mouse business for seven years now; she breeds them for research, and there's a big demand from hospitals, laboratories, and other science centres.

### APPLY MUSSO & CO.

A TOBACCONIST in Oxford Place, Plymouth, put up this sign when Musso got the push:—

"SHIRTS FOR SALE (NO COUPONS). APPLY MUSSO-LINI."

And, believe it or not, he had to take the notice down, because so many people came in asking to look at the shirts.





# The Face of Judas

"WAS it that Moonshine man?" gasped the lady. The answer was disturbed by the return of John Bankes from what appeared to have been an abortive expedition in the car. Old Smith seemed to have been a disappointing passenger after all.

"Funked it at the last moment," announced John with disgust. "Refused to go on when I had a puncture—wasn't going fast, either."

But his complaints received small attention in the general excitement that gathered round Father Brown and his news.

"Somebody will arrive in a few minutes," went on the priest with an air of weighty reserve, "who will relieve me of this responsibility. When I have confronted you with him I shall have done my duty as a witness in a serious business. It only remains for me to say that a servant up at Beechwood House told me that she had seen a face at one of the windows—"

"I saw a face," said Opal, "at one of our windows."

"Oh, you are always seeing faces," said her brother John, roughly.

"It is as well to see facts even if they are faces," said Father Brown equably, "and I think the face you saw—"

Another knock at the front door sounded through the house, and a minute afterwards the door of the room opened and another figure appeared. Devine half rose from his chair.

It was a tall, erect figure, with a long cadaverous face ending in a formidable chin. The brow was rather bald and the eyes bright and blue, which Devine had last seen obscured with a broad straw hat.

"Pray don't let anybody move," said the man called Carver, in clear and courteous tones. But, to Devine's disturbed mind the courtesy had an ominous resemblance to that of a brigand who holds a company motionless with a pistol.

"Please sit down, Mr. Devine," said Carver. "My presence here necessitates an explanation. I rather fancy you suspected me of being an emi-

## THE MAN WITH TWO BEARDS

By G. K. CHESTERTON

nent and distinguished burglar."

"I did," said Devine grimly. "As you remarked," said Carver, "it is not always easy to know a wasp from a bee."

After a pause he continued: "I can claim to be one of the more useful, though equally annoying, insects. I am a detective, and I have come down here to investigate an alleged renewal of the activities of a criminal calling himself Michael Moonshine. Jewel robberies were his speciality;

He laid some papers and packages on the table and began to unfold them. "As I say," he continued, "I was sent down here to make enquiries about the criminal plans of this man Moonshine. That is why I interested myself in bee-keeping and went to stay with Mr. Smith."

There was a silence, and then Devine started and spoke: "You don't mean seriously to say that that nice old man—"

"Come, Mr. Devine," said Carver with a smile, "you

of Mr. Bankes' kindness in giving him a joy-ride. Searching his house, I found some curious things to be owned by an innocent old rustic interested only in bees. This is one of them."

From the unfolded paper he lifted a long, hairy object almost scarlet in colour—the sort of sham beard that is worn in theatricals.

Besides it lay an old pair of heavy horn-rimmed spectacles.

"But I also found something," continued Carver, "that more directly concerns this house, and must be my excuse for intruding to-night. I found a memorandum, with notes of the names and conjectural values of various pieces of jewellery in the neighbourhood. Immediately after the note of Lady Pulman's tiara was the mention of an emerald necklace belonging to Mrs. Bankes."

Mrs. Bankes, who had hitherto regarded the invasion of her house with an air of supercilious bewilderment, suddenly grew attentive and looked ten years older.

But, before she could speak, the impetuous John had risen to his full height like a trumpeting elephant.

"And the tiara's gone already," he roared, "but—the necklace! I'm going to see about that necklace."

"Not a bad idea," said Carver, as the young man rushed from the room, "though, of course, we've been keeping our eyes open since we've been here. Well, it took me a little time to make out that memorandum, which was in cipher, and Father Brown's telephone message from the House came as I was near the end. I asked him to run round here first with the news, and I would follow: and so—"

His speech was sundered by a scream. Opal was standing up and pointing rigidly at the round window.

"There it is again!" she cried.

(To be continued)

From "The Secret of Father Brown."

(By permission of Mrs. G. K. Chesterton).

## TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



We never said she was a gaol-bird... all we said was that she starred in "20,000 years in Sing Sing." Surely you know THOSE eyes? Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 176: Rita Hayworth.

and there has just been one of them at Beechwood House, which, by all technical tests, is obviously his work. Not only do the prints correspond, but you may possibly know that when he was last arrested he wore a simple but effective disguise of a red beard and a pair of large, horn-rimmed spectacles."

Opal Bankes leaned forward fiercely.

"That was it," she cried in excitement, "that was the face I saw, with great goggles and a red, ragged beard like Judas. I thought it was a ghost."

"That was also the ghost the servant at Beechwood saw," said Carver dryly.

## JANE



## WANGLING WORDS

133

1.—Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after HEART, to make a word.

2.—Rearrange the letters of OR JO SHANT TO, to make a well-known hotel in Scotland.

3.—Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: GRIT into DUST, MUCH into LESS, FIRE into WORK, BACK into DOOR.

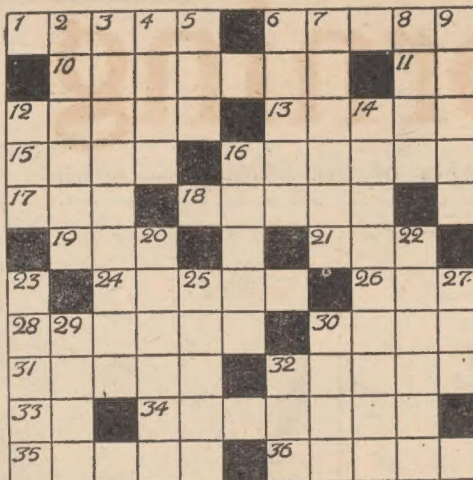
4.—How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from TRANSCRIBE?

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 132

- 1.—TESTATE.
- 2.—MIDLOTHIAN.
- 3.—DIG, DOG, DOE, ROE, ROW, SOW.  
TRUE, TREE, FREE, FRET, FEET, FEES, LEES, LIES.  
JOHN, JOIN, COIN, COIL, BOIL, BOLL, BULL.  
FAINT, SAINT, STINT, STINK, STANK, SPANK, SPARK, SPARS, SEARS, HEARS, HEART.
- 4.—Mist, Riot, Part, Trap, Trio, Oats, Moat, Pram, Atom, Past, Oars, Soar, Iota, Mast, Trip, Port, Soap, etc.  
Riots, Stoat, Strip, Strap, Traps, Trips, Prism, Sport, Spirt, Trait, Start, Parts, Ratio, Patio, etc.

## CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Craft. 6 Durable fabric.



CLUES DOWN.

2 Cheer. 3 Opening. 4 Formal. 5 Heavy. 6 Calyx-leaf. 7 Draw out. 8 Commendable. 9 Penetrate. 12 Interdict. 14 Colonials. 16 Theatre room. 20 Flagon. 22 Declaim from memory. 23 Dress ornament. 25 Hard question. 27 Snare. 29 Well-provided. 30 Excuse. 32 Patty.

10 Disentangle. 11 Concerned with. 12 Band of trimming. 13 Loop of twisted thread. 15 Lords and ladies. 16 Front of building. 17 Horse. 18 Scotch boy. 19 Nave. 21 Sailor. 24 Stout lines. 26 Study. 28 Speaker. 30 Indian coin. 31 Heals over. 32 Interlaced strands. 33 Supposing. 34 Mild. 35 Less. 36 Supporting frame.

PEWTER SLUG  
I HOMESPUN  
CLINIC ARIA  
ROT TURRETS  
ICES RAT C  
CANAL PANNE  
T FIG NOON  
PILFERS DUD  
HOUR ACCUSE  
INTO PAUL D  
Z ENGENDER

## ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

My first is in MANCHESTER, not in MERSEY.

My second's in SWEATER, not in JERSEY.

My third is in BURMA, not RANGOON.

My fourth is in AIRSHIP, not BALLOON.

My fifth's not in JOLLY, though in MARINE.

My sixth's in SANDWICH and CANTEEN.

My seventh's in SOUP, yet not TUREEN.

(Answer on Page 3).

which has certainly sold for £43, is now worth £50 or £60. Only about a dozen of this East Indian shell are known to exist, and when found living, its fatal sting makes it difficult and dangerous to collect.

Other sea-shells prized by collectors include the our-our hammer-shell, which sometimes contains justrous bronze pearls, cameo-shells, fountain-shells (with pink pearls), the Pearly Nautilus, and the Argonaut. The Calculus shell grows to a mathematical curve, and can be marked to serve as a lightning calculator.

Because it is thought that modern street noises will presently die out, records of such sounds have been made and deposited in the corner-stone of a New York skyscraper. The noises recorded include the shrieking of brakes, the honking of cars, police whistles, sirens, and other everyday sounds. They are recorded on chromium-plated copper discs, and have been placed in an air-tight copper box, with a phonograph, and instructions for operating it.

## ODD CORNER

THERE is money in sea-shells if you know your way about. The common cowrie, of course, passes as current coin in the South Seas, but the large Noble Cowrie is worth £40 to European collectors. In the British Museum there is a rare variety of "top" shell worth £55, and a carinaria shell recently fetched £100 in a sale.

Cone shells are common ornaments on cottage mantelpieces, but the large Glory-of-the-Sea Cone,

## QUIZ for today

1. A palliasse is a boon companion, a native king's hut, a straw mattress, a fungus, a female companion?
2. Who wrote (a) "Boote's Baby," (b) "Boots"?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Bullfinch, Bunting, Bugloss, Blackcap, Buzzard?
4. What is an Old Wykehamist?
5. What is the longest cathedral in Britain?
6. What is the speed of a snail (in yards per hour)?
7. What is the oldest Public School in Britain?
8. What is the largest freshwater lake in the world?
9. Who was Mr. Wardle?
10. Correct the misquotation: "I do not like thee, Dr. Fell." Who wrote it?
11. Wat Tyler's rebellion took place in 1181, 1281, 1381, 1481, 1581?
12. Complete the pairs: (a) Dombey and —; (b) Stanley and —.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 176

1. Indian chief.
2. (a) Richard Jefferies, (b) E. W. Hornung.
3. Cochet was a tennis player; the others are cricketers.
4. William Makepeace.
5. Oliver Cromwell.
6. New Amsterdam.
7. Heinous, Pittance.
8. Sir Stafford Cripps.
9. Character in Sheridan's "Rivals."
10. "Of cabbages and kings." Lewis Carroll in "Through the Looking Glass."
11. 1861.
12. (a) White and blue; (b) book and candle.

## FIGURE THIS OUT

A FIGURE—not higher than 12—needs to be put against each letter of the word P-E-R-I-S-C-O-P-E.

Nine words are listed below, made from letters in PERISCOPE, with the "value" in figures shown against each one.

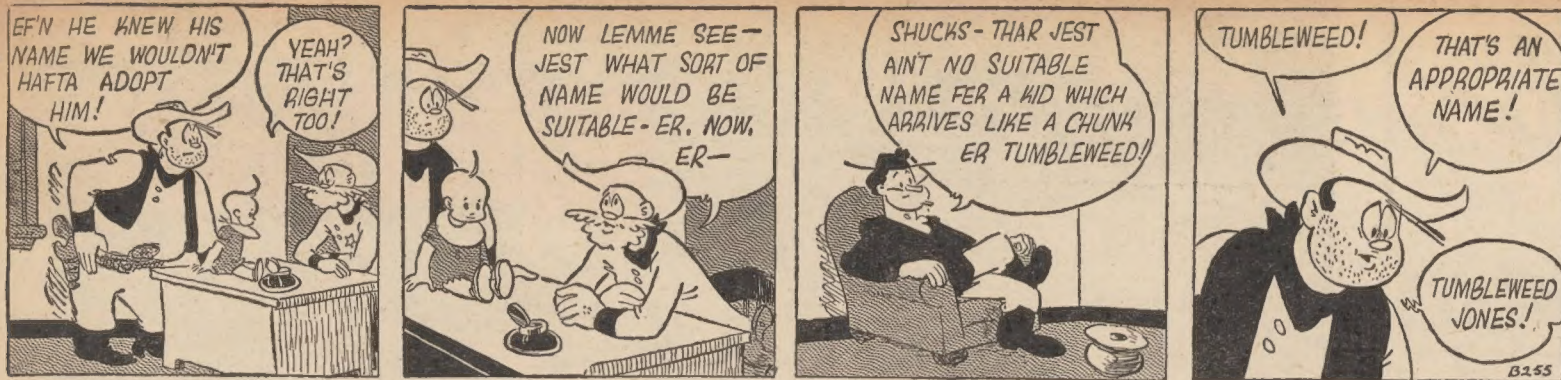
What is the value in figures of each letter in PERISCOPE?

RIPE (34) COPS (22)  
POSER (37) EPIC (31)  
SPICE (32) ROSE (29)  
SPECIE (44)  
CORPS (31)  
PRICE (40)

(Answer on Page 3).



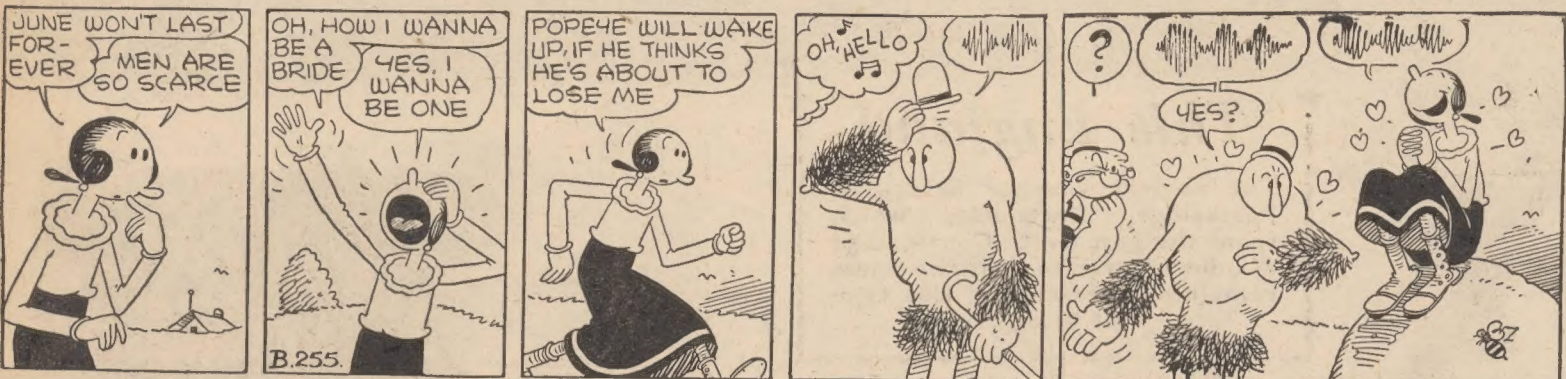
## BEEZLEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



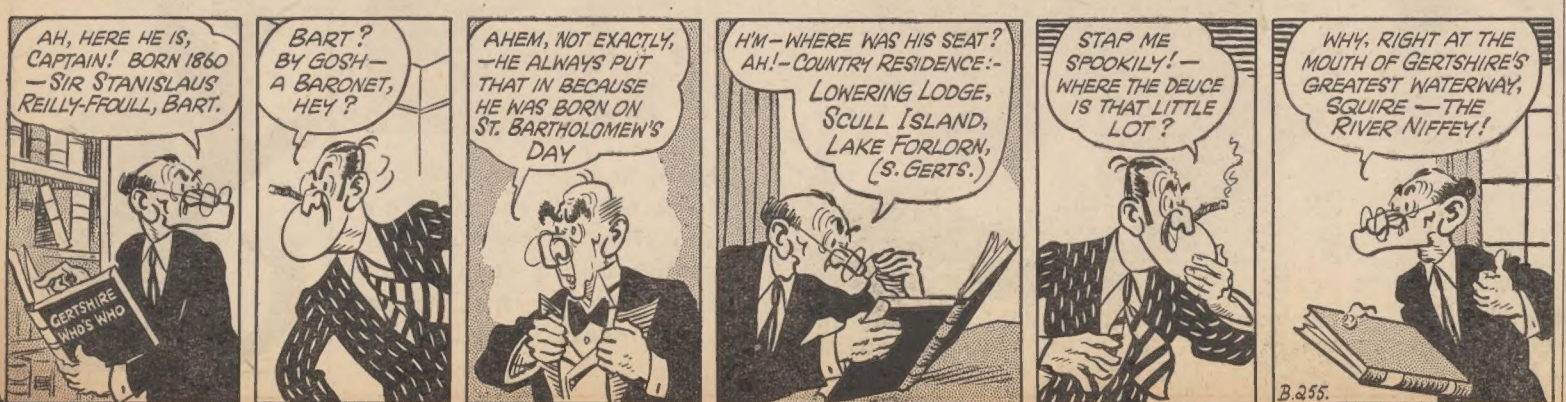
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## Clubs and their Players—No. 7

By JOHN ALLEN

## Newcastle

BY winning the F.A. Cup and League Championship on several occasions, Newcastle can be ranked among the greatest of all clubs. Yet, during the last few years they have not shone with the same brightness as when Hugh Gallacher and Jack Hill starred in the black and white striped shirt.

New blood, however, appears to have made itself felt in the Newcastle ranks, with "Ginger" Stubbs, a local lad, a forward of great goal-scoring ability. He will certainly one day gain his cap. That will please Newcastle, for Stubbs hails from the district which saw the formation of the present organisation.

Most of the East End F.C.'s players—from which the Newcastle club was formed—were employed in the shipyards. When things were bright in the shipbuilding business all was well. When trade was down they suffered.

The "East End" played on a small field rented from a farmer. He was their sole supporter—and only turned up each week to make sure that he received his rent. Sometimes, so that they could get the money for the rent, they allowed some of their members to sing in a concert party!

When they turned professional, East End, anxious to gain a big following, offered their players fifteen shillings extra for a win, ten shillings for a draw, and an extra shilling for every man who scored a goal.

Players took advantage of this, and scores of ten and fifteen became commonplace. So consistent were the scores that the club eventually suspended this form of "bonus encouragement." It cost too much!

In those days the footballers had few of the modern devices that assist so much today. After a hard match, in the majority of cases, all they received was a rub-down with raw whisky.

It took Newcastle several years to reach their "great" stage, but from 1905-1910 they won the League Championship on three occasions, and reached the F.A. Cup Final five times in seven years, winning the trophy once.

One of the stars of this wonderful team was Albert Shepherd, a grandly built centre-forward who was a very powerful shot. A great joker, he would do anything for a laugh, and always made sure of getting his own way.

When a friend was getting married one Saturday afternoon he asked for permission to forgo the match and act as best man for his pal. But the club would not hear of their star goal-scorer being absent, so Shepherd had to turn out.

Early in the match, after scoring a couple of goals, he developed a "limp." As the game progressed, so did the limp get worse, so the Newcastle captain, knowing his team were well on top, suggested that Shepherd should leave the field.

He did—and was able, after all, to act as best man to his friend!

Another interesting character, who kept goal for Newcastle, was simply crazy about horse-racing. During the course of a match, when the play was in the opposing half, he was known to select horses, and actually give youngsters bets to take to a bookie. To the followers of the club in those early days he became something of a mascot, and rumour had it that no horse could lose if "Charlie's" money was on it.

This reputation stood the goalkeeper in good stead when he left football and became a tipster!

But by far the most colourful personality to wear Newcastle's colours in between the two World Wars was the one and only Hugh Gallacher, Scotland's greatest wee centre-forward.

Hughie's value as a footballer worked out at £300 an inch! Yet Hughie never wanted to be a soccer player. He went to the same school as the famous Tommy Milligan and wanted to make the ring his first love.

One day, when keeping goal for his school, Hughie, when things were too quiet for his liking, said he'd go to centre-forward. He scored six goals—and went on scoring!

Will Newcastle again see great days, such as those when wee Hughie starred? Judging by their latest list of young stars, the United, when peace does return, may again rank among the most powerful teams.

And that will mean much to the football-lovers of the North-East.

## FIGURE THIS OUT

Solution: P (8)  
E (12)  
R (9)  
I (5)  
S (1)  
C (6)  
O (7)  
P (8)  
E (12)

Solution to Allied Ports:  
TAMPICO.



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

## "OVER TO YOU"

But we can't guarantee that she reaches you. After all, we also play tennis, Dennis.



## This England

The ancient Clapper Bridge at Postbridge, Dartmoor, which spans the East Dart. Constructed of unhewn granite, it is the finest remaining specimen of this type of bridge.



Hum, now I see why the darn thing hurt my foot. Gosh, simply ruined my courting.



I'll make up for it, though. Said she likes a bright lad. Boy, oh boy, I'll positively dazzle her.



Now, how the dickens can I reach up there? Doesn't the Postmaster-General realise that a chap wants to write to his Poppa occasionally?

## SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Barred, Huh?"



Now, doesn't it get YOUR goat to see this guy pouring out rattling good beer to quench the thirst of his pet billy-goat?